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Mind, Inc.



THE KEY TO LIFE



Vol. I.

MAY, 1929

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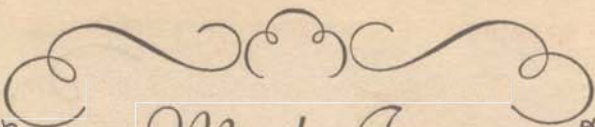
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# Founders' Page

ON PAGES 82 to 94 will be found the roll of the Stockholders of *Mind, Inc.*

These are the Founders and Owners of this Magazine—the *pioneers* who are giving of their thought and their money to the end that the "Kingdom of the Blind" may cease to be, and that all men may enjoy at least a measure of sight.



# Mind, Inc.



*Dear Friend:*

Today you are entering a new country. You are a "home-steader", staking a claim in a land so rich that its possibilities beggar description, yet so sparsely settled that you can pick what location you like.

You leave the land of the two billions, where every dollar has a dozen hands grabbing for it, and you enter the Country of Promise, whose inhabitants are still so few that there are more potential riches than they know what to do with.



The first question that is asked of you in this Country of Promise is—*not* "Who are you?" or "What were your ancestors?" or "What Fraternity do you belong to?"—but "*What did you come here for?*"

Certainly not just to hear a few words of advice or exhortation. You can get more of them than you want from your friends or relatives.

What did you come for? Not just to be told how other men and women have won success with nothing but a sound idea and hard work. You can find plenty such stories in your daily paper.

Then what did you come for? Shall I tell you? You came because you are not satisfied with the progress you have been making. You came because you want more of the good things of life—more money,

more opportunity for expression, more happiness. You came in the hope that some of the methods which have worked such wonders for others might open the way for you, too.

Well, they will! But before they will, you will have to get at the idea behind them. It is all right for a child to be taught that he must do this and he must not do that. By following directions, he may grow up a strong, healthy child. But before he can become a power among his fellows, he must know WHY he does these things.

We can give you methods that have brought others success. Without doubt they would bring a measure of success to you, too. But to become a *real* success, you must know the reasons back of those

methods. And it is this that Mind, Inc., hopes to teach.

To do that we must start at the beginning. And this beginning is the Fundamental Law of the Universe. You have all heard of Prof. Einstein and his theories, but how many of you ever thought those theories had anything to do with your own success?

Yet they have everything to do with it. Einstein contends, you remember, that there is only one substance in the Universe, and one single fundamental Law of the Universe. The substance is electricity (or ether), and the law is the Law of Attraction.

Jesus expressed the Law when He said—"To him that hath shall be given. And from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which



he hath." To put it in modern everyday language, you must either attract things to you, or see everything you have attracted to some stronger personality.

Does that sound harsh? Consider all of Nature: An acorn falls to the ground. It draws to itself from the earth and the water and the air everything it needs for growth. It continues to draw these as long as it keeps growing. But after a while it stops growing. Then what happens? In that moment, its attraction ceases, and all the elements it has drawn to it begin to feel the "pull" of the growing plants around. It decays, falls to pieces, and soon, of that noble oak, nothing is left except the enriched soil and the well-nourished trees that have grown from it.



The Fundamental Law of the Universe is that you must integrate or disintegrate. You must grow—or feed others who are growing. There is no standing still. You are either attracting to yourself all the unused forces about you, or you are giving your own to help build some other man's success.

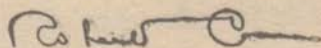
Which are *you* doing?

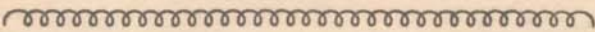
Before you read another word, the most important thing you can do is to sit back and analyze yourself—just as frankly and impersonally as though we were doing it for you.

If you have been barely holding your own, if all the good things of life have been passing you by, you know now the reason why. And you know the remedy for it. Just make up your mind right now that from

this moment your attitude towards life is going to change. Instead of sitting passive while blessings meant for you are being serenely absorbed by those around you, you are going to use your knowledge of the law to actively attract all of good to you.

You *can* do it. It takes only a fuller understanding of and working *with* the Law. The Lesson and Exercise which follow are the first step. A very small step, it is true, but one must start slowly. The next one will carry you farther, and as you gain in understanding and in confidence, your own steps will not only be lengthened, but you will be shown *how to lead others!*





## LESSON I

### *The Kingdom of the Blind*

THERE are 450,000 words in the English language. But every word you use, every syllable you utter, every sentence you form, is dependent upon twenty-six fundamentals called the alphabet.

There are millions of combinations of figures, countless problems you can work with them, but every one of them is dependent upon the ten fundamentals numbered 1 to 10.

There is no limit to how high you can rise in this world, to the vast number of things you can do, but all of them are dependent upon one fundamental—MIND.

The reasoning mind is all that differentiates man from the animal. Without it, he would be as defenseless as the monkey—the prey of any animal strong enough and quick enough to catch him away from shelter. With it, he



has mastered the world. His only formidable foe today lies among his own kind.

From having to compete with the panther and the wolf for his food, man has reached that stage in his development when his only rivals are other men. And from fighting for land and riches, from depending upon numbers and armament, man has advanced to the point where the battle is one of minds.

Not only between nations, but in business, in social life, in every phase of our complicated civilization, it is mind against mind. Size, numbers, money, count for little. It is the greater Mind that wins.

And now there has come into this battle a new factor, as decisive in its effects as when primitive man first threw into the scale against the animals the weight of his reasoning mind.

#### THE SUBMERGED NINE-TENTHS

Professor William James of Harvard estimated that we use but one-tenth of the powers that are inherent in each of us. The other nine-tenths lie dormant, asleep!

Even in so simple a thing as our muscles, James tells us we have several layers of energy.



When we work hard at a task, we find ourselves getting tired. But if we keep on, a surprising thing happens. The tiredness gradually passes, leaving us fresher than before. We have tapped a new layer of energy—what James calls our “second wind.”

“Stating the thing broadly,” says Prof. James, “the human individual lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use.”

And of all the wastes of energy of which the average individual is guilty, none is so great, none half so serious, as the utter neglect of the giant power latent in his subconscious mind!

G. Stanley Hall compares the mind to an iceberg, with one-eighth above and seven-eighths below consciousness. Doctor Mayo offers a somewhat less extreme division. He declared before the Medical Association in Chicago in 1923 that 75% of human action is controlled by the subconscious and 25% by conscious thought. But whether it is seven-eighths or only three-fourths of your powers that is being wasted, the result is the same: You are losing the most valuable thing you have! And you want to stop that loss.

You read of Napoleons of business or finance or politics. And you ask yourself—"How do they get that way?"

In just the same way that some savage among our early ancestors, with more acumen than his fellows, first used his reasoning power to make a bow and arrow and thereby lorded it over his enemies and became chief of his tribe. He used a power his fellow savages were not conscious of.

Today, all men know they have a reasoning mind. All use it to a greater or less extent. But most men know nothing of that giant power within them—*their subconscious mind*. So the few who do acquaint themselves with it and use it, tower above their less fortunate neighbors like giants. As Seabury puts it in "Unmasking our Minds"—

"Steam and electricity are our servants. Yet steam and electricity were once feared, and students of chemistry burned at the stake. Now the mighty forces of the natural world no longer inspire terror, but *worship* for the wonder of their power and usefulness. So will it be with the subjective forces of man. We have within us energies as vast as steam and electricity, capacities as unfulfilled as those

opened up by the great discoveries in physics and chemistry; and these will engage the efforts of men in the unfolding psychological age."

### THAT IS THE PROMISED LAND

Now let us see how we shall enter it.

To begin with, it is essential that we should understand just what the subconscious mind is.

Briefly, it is a term used for convenience to differentiate the voluntary functions of the mind from the involuntary. You move your hand. You put food into your mouth. You chew and swallow it. All these are conscious acts, done under the urge of will or desire. Voluntary acts of the conscious mind.

The food goes into your stomach, is digested, assimilated or eliminated from the system. You don't know how it is done. Your conscious mind has no part in the doing of it. The food has passed into the control of your involuntary muscles. Your conscious mind doesn't know what they are doing—doesn't even know they are doing anything—so for convenience sake, we class all such activities as beyond the knowledge of the conscious, and



we refer to the part of the mind which has them in charge as our subconscious mind.

But the subconscious is far more than the director of our internal organisms. It does all our real thinking. It is the sixth sense that so often warns us of hidden dangers. It is the bond between us and Divine Mind. In short, it is our Soul—what the ancient Egyptians used to call their “Ka.”

To properly regulate the heart and lungs, the stomach and bowels, to mix the intricate chemical secretions for liver and intestines, requires an intelligence greater far than the conscious mind of any scientist who has ever lived. It requires a knowledge of chemistry and mathematics such as can be found nowhere in the conscious world.

#### WHY WON'T IT GO FURTHER?

Here we have an Intelligence far above any known to the conscious mind. It knows more of Chemistry than all the chemists; more of Mathematics than any mathematician; more of Physics, of Medicine, of Telepathy, than all our scientists. Then why does it let us do foolish things, harmful things? Why does it



permit us to get sick and die? If it has such vast knowledge, why can it not use this superior knowledge and intelligence to direct all the affairs of our lives and our businesses?

For the same reason that iron does not float, yet an iron ship will.

One of the rules of Physics, you know, is to first determine the affirmative factor in whatever you may be working on, and then find out why this affirmative factor does not work beyond certain limits.

When men wanted to make ships of iron, they first studied ships of wood to determine what was the affirmative factor in them that made them float. And they learned the principle that wood floats because it displaces more water than it weighs.

Knowing this affirmative factor, it was a comparatively simple matter to build ships of iron that displaced more water than they weighed—and therefore floated. In that way, men were able to extend the limits under which the affirmative factor of floating worked.

#### THE AFFIRMATIVE FACTOR IN MIND

To extend the power of the subconscious

mind to our daily affairs, it is necessary first to determine the affirmative factor in it, and then see if it will not work as well in our business and our daily affairs as it does in our bodies.

The affirmative factor that scientists have discovered about the subconscious mind is that it accepts whatever belief we hand to it, and proceeds to build our body or our circumstances in accordance with that belief.

The conscious mind reasons inductively. The subconscious deductively. That is the difference between man and the animal world. Man has both conscious and subconscious mind, the animal only the subconscious. Let an ape see some luscious fruit in a well-concealed trap and his deductive reasoning runs something like this:

I have eaten fruit like that before. It tasted good. Here is more just like it. Therefore this must be good. I'll grab it.

A man, on the other hand, would use a little inductive reasoning rather than let himself be so easily caught. He would commune with himself in this wise:

Very luscious fruit. Wish I had it. But people don't lay fruit like that around for nothing. Wonder what the catch is? Oh, yes, I see. Footprints leading over there. A rope in that tree. A weight in this other one. Just a little trap for the unwary. I'll leave that fruit alone.

In other words, the ape can see why a third proposition should logically follow *if two others are assumed to be true*, but only man can reason back from effects through trains of causes, and determine whether those two propositions are true or not.

That is the great difference between the mind of man and the mind of the animal. And that is the great difference between the conscious and the subconscious mind.

The one inquires into everything to form its own beliefs. The other accepts the beliefs that are handed it, and proceeds to work out their logical conclusions.

It is like a little child that takes whatever is told it as Gospel, and acts accordingly.

Yet we have the word of the greatest Master of psychology the world has ever known that unless we become as little children we shall in



no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven. So it is evident that this characteristic of the subconscious mind can be used for good—*that it is the affirmative factor we are seeking.*

How, then, shall you extend its working to the fields of every-day life and business? How but by suggesting to it that you HAVE the things you want, and thereby impelling it to draw these things to you? Which brings us again back to the precepts of the Master Psychologist—"What things soever ye ask for when ye pray, believe that ye RECEIVE them, and ye shall HAVE them."

In other words, when you want health, believe that you HAVE health, and your subconscious will proceed to manifest health in you. When you want happiness, believe that you HAVE it, and your subconscious will proceed to so shape your circumstances as to bring it about. When you want riches, believe that you HAVE them, and your subconscious will become a magnet drawing to you riches from the most unlikely sources. *Plant the seed*, and your subconscious will draw from everything about, whatever you need to bring that seed to fruition.

But you must really BELIEVE! You can't



fool your subconscious on that. You can't say you believe you are well, and then dose yourself with pills and expect your subconscious to believe your assertion. You can't say you believe you have ample riches, and then turn down the first friend who asks you for a trifling loan—and expect your subconscious to believe you. Whatever you truly expect—deep down underneath in the soul of you—*that* your subconscious will proceed to work out. Wheat or tares—it will grow what you plant.

But how can you get the necessary faith? How can you make yourself believe you **HAVE** health when an aching nerve or rheumatic joint is making life a torment? How can you believe you **HAVE** riches when the bill collector is at the door and you have not the wherewith to pay?

There are ways—several of them—but they require study and understanding. Most common among them, and most easily grasped, is the system of affirmations—the sort of self-hypnosis popularized by Coué and practiced to a greater or less extent by most psychologists.

It consists of repeating to yourself the phrase that your body or your circumstance

is getting better and better, on the principle that repetition carries conviction, and that eventually you will convince your subconscious mind of the belief and then start it bringing your desire into being.

It is a slow and frequently unsatisfactory process, but until the student has acquired a fuller understanding of his powers, it is perhaps the best way to start. So let us, night and morning, sow this seed of well-being:

The Spirit of Life is in me and mine.  
And where Life is, good is. I HAVE the  
seeds of a perfect body, of a happy family,  
of a prosperous business, of success in life.  
I AM drawing to me irresistibly every essential necessary to the growth and fruition of those seeds.

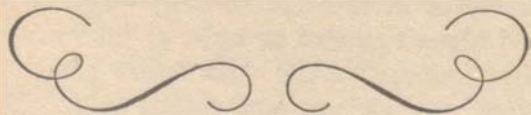
Repeat that night and morning. Repeat it confidently, with serene faith that everything necessary to your well-being, success and happiness IS being drawn to you, and "as your faith is, so it will be unto you."

In the next lesson, we will try to show you WHY certain ideas have such power to draw to themselves whatever they need for their fruition, what the laws are governing this, and

how you can use them to get what you want in life.

But the first essential is that you APPLY these teachings to your daily, hourly life. Theory is not enough. It is the *practice* that pays dividends—how big dividends you will never believe until you have experienced a few of them.

So start this week by using the little affirmation we have given you. As you grow in understanding, your application of the laws will grow, too.





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## EXERCISE FOR LESSON I

THAT precept of Jesus'—"What things soever ye ask for when ye pray, believe that ye RECEIVE them and ye shall HAVE them"—has caused more controversy than perhaps any other of His teachings.

For every man can recall times when he believed himself in perfect health, yet found that an ulcerated tooth or stomach or other organ had been out of order for weeks; when he believed himself perfectly safe, yet some calamity or accident befell him; when he believed himself sure of an order or job or other desirable thing, yet the other fellow got it.

Here, you will say, was perfect faith. You prayed. You believed. Yet all you got was woeful disappointment. Why? Is the Master's promise good only part of the time? Or for only a favored few? Or for spiritual gifts?

No—a thousand times, no! The promise holds for any good thing of life. The promise

is always good. It is your faith that is at fault. NOT that you don't believe—but that your belief is in *the wrong thing!*

When you believed yourself in good health, what was it you were putting your faith in? In your body, was it not? In your diet, your living habits, your youth or your exercises. NOT in the fact that God had a perfect image of you, and that you were the mirror reflecting that image.

The same with your safety, or the things you wanted. Your faith was in the material means you had taken to secure these things—NOT in the mental images God had made.

"Put not your faith in graven images!" bade the Prophet. And graven images are of more kinds than wood and stone. "Put not your faith in any material thing!" he might well have said.

In ancient Egypt, it was believed that when a child was born, it was given a "Double" or Spiritual Self, which had a separate existence of its own. Their "Ka", the Egyptians called it, and believed it to have power to bring to its body anything of good—so much so that the Pharaohs are often represented as making offerings to their Kas.

That old Egyptian Ka or Double corresponds with the modern idea of the subconscious mind. To the Egyptian, his Ka represented God's perfect image of him, with dominion over all the earth. To the modern, his subconscious mind is his Soul, his part of God, with God-given dominion "over the earth and every creeping thing upon the earth"—including his own body.

God made man in His image. Of that we are assured in a hundred places. And what is "His image"? We are told that God is Spirit. Therefore, if you are made in His image, the real you is Spirit—your Soul, the Egyptians' Double or Ka.

Then what is your body?

As I see it, your body, your surroundings, your circumstances, are nothing more nor less than *reflections* of your Spirit.

You have seen pictures thrown upon the clouds. Those clouds are made of the same material you are—of ether. The sole difference between your flesh and a piece of iron or any other material thing is in density. There is only one material—that is ether.

Your Soul is the mold in which God cast you. He gave it power over circumstances,



over conditions. He gave it dominion. Your body is made up of millions of tiny mirrors, whirling bits of ether—electrons and protons, the scientists call them. In those mirrors, your Spirit or Double is reflected. And in the ether all about you, the circumstances and conditions your Soul images are reflected likewise.

“Then why,” you may well ask, “do I reflect sickness in my body, poverty and lack in my surroundings?” Because that aggregation of mirrors called your body has been given a governor, known as a brain, and this brain has free will to run those mirrors as it sees fit. It can live in the Spirit or the body, whichever it wishes. It can relax, and LET the Spirit express itself through it, doing those things the Spirit prompts it to do, or it can distort itself and its surroundings into all manner of evil shapes through fear and worry, and thus produce as grotesque an image as you would if you looked into a glass that was bent in a dozen directions.

In the romances of ancient Egypt, there is told the tale of a beautiful young Queen who, confronted with the choice of marrying her father's murderer or being herself killed, called

upon her Ka to take her place a while. The Ka responded and Right promptly triumphed.

But you don't have to go back to ancient Egypt to find true incidents of the same kind. Every man can recall times when he was up against a situation seemingly impossible of solution, yet it worked out, and worked out to his advantage—not through any brilliancy of his, but apparently through pure luck!

That "luck" was the same power which saved the Egyptian Queen—the Power of your Double or Spiritual Self. And if you would put all your problems up to it, they would be worked out just as successfully.

You need money now, let us say. It is a certainty that no one who had dominion over the whole earth would long be in need of money, isn't it? And your Double or Spiritual Self was given dominion over the earth. Therefore it must have all the money you could want! And whatever it has, it reflects in you and your circumstances and surroundings. *Therefore, all the money you want must now be reflected there!*

But all you can see is debts or lack. If your Double has all the money you want, yet all you are able to reflect is LACK of money, then

there must be something wrong with your mirrors, don't you think? You must be distorting them out of shape with worry, squeezing them together with fear, so no reflection can show in them. Suppose you just relax and LET the mirrors work!

To get back to the thought with which we started this Exercise, suppose you put your faith in the perfect mental picture, disregarding entirely the present material conditions. Know that your Double HAS all the riches you want. Know that they are reflecting in you and your circumstances and surroundings. Then "BELIEVE THAT YOU RECEIVE"—and just as your reflection in a mirror changes instantly with every change in your expression, so will the conditions around you change with your understanding belief. If doubts or fears assail you, assure yourself aloud—

"My Double is the equal of the Double of Ford or Morgan or Rockefeller. He HAS everything they have—riches and power and wisdom. And I am his perfect reflection. Therefore I too HAVE all of good—riches and health and power. And I am reflecting those riches



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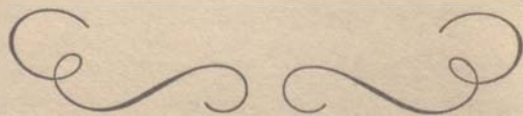
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in my circumstances and surroundings  
*now*—THIS VERY MINUTE!"

But remember that mere assertion is not enough. You must actually FEEL the conviction that your Double or Spiritual Self HAS all the riches you want—that you ARE reflecting them.

How can you feel that? How would you feel if all those riches were in your hands right now? What would you do? How would you act? Sing, dance, give thanks? Well, DO it! GET the feeling, and before you know it, the riches too will be there!





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*Seven Minutes in Eternity*  
*The Amazing Experience that*  
*Made Me Over*

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

IN THE Sierra Madre Mountains, near Pasadena, California, I own a bungalow. When I want seclusion, I motor up to this hide-away, and work there undisturbed. My only companion is Laska, a tawny police dog.

In the month of April, 1928, I was living in this bungalow while writing a novel. The work had gone well and was nearing completion. I was untroubled mentally, feeling physically fit, writing six to eight hours a day, with plenty of evening recreation.

One night toward the last of the month I returned around ten o'clock and lay reading in bed. I felt drowsy around midnight, laid the volume aside, and extinguished the bed-lamp.

My sleeping chamber was located at the back of the house and was perfectly ventilated. Laska curled on the floor at the foot of my bed—and that she did not externally motivate the phenomena in any way, I am positive. When it ended, and I was back in my body, I stumbled from the bed and my voice awoke her, bringing her over beside me, where she thumped her tail on the rug and sought to lick my wrist. . . .

I do not recall having any specific dreams the first half of the night, no physical distress, certainly no insomnia. Ordinarily, I do not use liquor and I had none on the premises or in my system on this night in question.

But between three and four in the morning—the time later verified—a ghastly inner shriek seemed to tear through my somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself:

*"I'm dying! I'm dying!"*

What told me, I don't know. Some uncanny instinct had been unleashed in slumber to awaken and apprise me. Certainly something was happening to me—something that had never happened down all my days—a physical sensation which I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy.

Mind you, I say *physical* sensation. This was not a dream. I was fully awake, and yet I was

not. I knew that something had happened either to my heart or head—or both—and that my conscious identity was at the play of forces over which it had no control. I was awake, mind you, and whereas I had been on a bed in the moonless dark of a California bungalow when the phenomenon started, the next moment I was plunging down a mystic depth of cool, blue space, with a sinking sensation like that which attends the taking of ether as an anesthetic. Queer noises were singing in my ears. Over and over in a curiously tumbled brain the thought was preëminent:

*"So this is death?"*

I aver that in the interval between my seizure and the end of my plunge, I was sufficiently possessed of my physical senses to think: "My dead body may lie in this lonely house for days before anyone discovers it—unless Laska breaks out and brings aid."

Why I should think that, I don't know—or what difference it would have made to *me*, being the lifeless "remains"—but I remember thinking the thought as distinctly as any I ever put on paper in the practice of my vocation.

Next, I was whirling madly. Once in 1920 over San Francisco an airplane in which I was a passenger went into a tail spin and we almost fell into the Golden Gate. *That* feeling! Someone reached



out, caught me, stopped me. A calm, clear, friendly voice said, close to my ear:

"Take it easy, old man. Don't be alarmed. You're all right. We're here to help you."

Someone had hold of me, I said—two persons in fact—one with a hand under the back of my neck, supporting my weight, the other with arm run under my knees. I was physically flaccid from my "tumble" and unable to open my eyes as yet because of the sting of queer, opal light that diffused the place into which I had come.

When I finally managed it, I became conscious that I had been borne to a beautiful marble-slab pallet and laid nude upon it by two strong-bodied, kindly-faced young men in white uniforms not unlike those worn by internes in hospitals, who were secretly amused at my confusion and chagrin.

"Feeling better?" the taller of the two asked considerably, as physical strength to sit up unaided came to me and I took note of my surroundings.

"Yes," I stammered. "Where am I?"

They exchanged good-humored glances.

They never answered my question.

They did not need to answer my question. It was superfluous. I knew what had happened. I had left my earthly body on a bungalow bed in the California mountains. *I had gone through all the sensations of dying*, and whether this was the Hereafter or an intermediate station, most emphat-

ically I had reached a place and state which had never been duplicated in all my experience.

I say this because of the inexpressible ecstasy of my new state, both mental and physical.

For I had carried some sort of body into that new environment with me. I knew that it was nude. It had been capable of feeling the cool, steadying pressure of my friends' hands before my eyes opened. And now that I had reawakened without the slightest distress or harm, I was conscious of a beauty and loveliness of environment that surpasses chronicling on printed paper.

A sort of marble-tiled-and-furnished portico the place was, lighted by that soft, unseen, opal illumination, with a clear-as-crystal Roman pool diagonally across from the bench on which I remained for a time, striving to credit that all this was *real*. Out beyond the portico everything appeared to exist in a sort of turquoise haze. . . .

I looked from this vista back to the two friends who had received me. There were no other persons anywhere in evidence in the first half of my experience.

Somehow I knew those two men—knew them as intimately as I knew the reflection of my own features in a mirror. And yet something about them, their virility, their physical "glow," their strong and friendly personality sublimated, as it were, kept me from instant identification.

And they knew a good joke about me. They continued to watch me, with a smile in their eyes, when I got down from my marble bench and moved about the portico till I came to the edge of the pool.

"Bathe in it," came the instruction. "You'll find you'll enjoy it."

I went down the steps into delightful water. And here is one of the strangest incidents of the whole "adventure" . . . when I came up from that bath I was no longer conscious that I was nude. On the other hand, neither was I conscious of having donned clothes. The bath did something to me in the way of clothing me. What, I don't know.

But immediately I came up garbed, somehow, by the magic contact of the water, people began coming into the patio, crossing over it and going down the southern steps and off into the inexpressible turquoise. As they passed me, they cast curiously amused glances at me. *And everybody nodded and spoke to me.* They had a kindness, a courtesy, a friendliness, in their faces and addresses that quite overwhelmed me. Think of all the saintly, attractive, magnetic folk you know, imagine them constituting the whole social world—no misfits, no tense countenances, no sour leers, no preoccupied brusqueness or physical handicap—and the whole environment of life permeated with an ecstatic harmony as universal as air, and you get an idea



of my reflexes in those moments. I recall exclaiming to myself:

"How happy everybody seems!—how jolly! Every individual here conveys something that makes me want to know him personally." Then, with a sense of shock, it dawned upon me: "*I have known every one of these people at some time or other, personally, intimately!* But they are sublimated now—physically glorified—not as I knew them in life at all."

I cannot make anyone understand how natural it all seemed that I should be there. After that first presentment of dying—which experience had ended in the most kindly ministration—all terror and strangeness left me and I had never felt more alive. It never occurred to me that I was in "heaven," or, if it did, it occasioned me no more astonishment that I should be there than when, at some period of my mundane consciousness, it had occurred to me that I was on "earth." . . . After all, do we know much more about the one than the other?

I had simply ended a queer voyage through bluish void and found myself in a charming place among jolly, worth-while people who saw in me something that amused them to the point of quiet laughter. Yet not a laughter that I could resent. I had no mad obsession to go off at once in search

of Deity or look up Abraham Lincoln or Julius Cæsar. I was quite content to stroll timidly in the vicinity of the portico by which I had entered this harmonious place and be greeted with pleasant nods by persons whose individualities were uncannily familiar.

They were conventionally garbed, these persons, both men and women. I recall quite plainly that the latter wore hats. I can see with perfect clarity in my mind's eye the outline of the millinery worn by a dignified elderly lady *at whose deathbed I had been present in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1923.* The big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed fellow in white duck who had first received me, with his hand beneath the nape of my neck, always hovered in my vicinity, I recall, and kept an eye on my whereabouts and deportment. . . .

I pledge my reputation that I talked with these people, identified many of them, called the others by their wrong names and was corrected, saw and did things that night almost a year ago that it is *verboten* for me to narrate in a magazine article, but which I recall with a minuteness of detail as graphic to me as the keys of my typewriter are now, under my fingers.

I went somewhere, penetrated to a distinct place, and had an actual, concrete experience. I found myself an existing entity in a locality where per-

sons I had always called "dead" were not dead at all. They were very much alive.

The termination of this journey—my exit so to speak—was as peculiar as my advent.

I was wandering alone about the portico I have described, with most of my recognizable friends gone out of it for the moment, when I was caught in a swirl of bluish vapor that seemed to roll in from nowhere in particular. Up, up, up I seemed to tumble, *feet first*, despite the ludicrousness of the description. A long, swift, swirling journey of this. And then something clicked—something in my body. The best analogy is the sound my repeating deer-rifle makes when I work the ejector mechanism—a flat, metallic, automatic sensation.

Next, I was sitting up in bed in my physical body again, as wide awake as I am at this moment, staring at the patch of window where the moon was going down, with a reflex of physical exhaustion through my chest, diaphragm, and abdomen that lasted several moments. Not any digestive distress, you understand; simply a great weariness in my torso as if I had passed through a tremendous physical ordeal and my heart must accelerate to make up the lost energy.

"That was a dream!" I cried aloud. And my voice awoke Laska, who straightened to her haunches.

There was no more slumber for me that night. I



lay back finally with the whole experience fresh in my senses but an awful lamentation in my heart that I was forced to come back at all—back into a world of struggle and disappointment, turmoil and misinterpretation, to an existence of bill collectors, unfriendly bankers, capricious editors, and caustic critics—to all the mental and physical aches and pains which combine with the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune to make of this Earth Plane a Vale of Tears.

It was tragedy, the coming back.

Call it the Hereafter, call it Heaven, call it Purgatory, call it the Astral Plane, call it the Fourth Dimension, call it What You Will. Whatever it is—and where—that human entities go after being released from physical limitations, I had gone there that night. And, like Lazarus of old, I had been called back—back to the anguish (in comparison) of physical existence to finish out my time in the conventional manner. Up to the moment of writing this article almost a year later, I have had not the slightest indication toward a repetition of the episode. Dreams I have had, and occasionally a fine, old-fashioned nightmare, but I have known them for such. Somehow or other, in sleep that night, I unhooked something in the strange mechanism that is Spirit in Matter, and for from seven to ten minutes my own conscious entity that is Bill Pelley, writing-man, slipped over to the Other Side.

*There is a survival of human entity after death of the body, for I have seen and talked intelligently with friends whom I had looked down upon as cold wax in caskets.*

But that is not all. There is plenty of aftermath.

I brought something back with me from that Ecstatic Interlude—something that had interpenetrated my physical self and which suddenly began to function in strange powers of perception.

I went about my bungalow in the days that followed my nocturnal experience as if I were still in a sort of trance—which verily I was. Days of this, with a queer unrest galvanizing me, a feeling that I was on the verge of something, that out of my weird Self-Projection onto another plane of existence I had brought something that was working within me like yeast.

Then came experience number two—not quite so theatric and therefore harder to describe.

One night while still imbued with the “feeling” of my fourth dimensional adventure, I took down a volume of Emerson and opened it by chance at his essay on the Over-Soul. In the middle of it, though not reading any specific line, I had a queer moment of confusion, a sort of cerebral vertigo, then a strange physical sensation at the very top of my head as if a beam of pure white light had

poured down from above and bored a shaft straight into my skull. In that instant a vast weight went out of my whole physical ensemble. A veil was torn away.

I saw no "vision," but something had happened and was continuing to happen. A cascade of pure, cool, wonderful *peace* was falling down from somewhere above me and cleansing me. My book fell from my fingers to the rug and stayed there. I sat there staring into space.

*I was not the same man I had been a moment before!*

I mean this physically, mentally, spiritually. I knew that somehow I had acquired senses and perceptions that I could never hope to describe to any second person, and yet they were as real to me as the shape of my wrists. For a time I wondered if "much learning had driven me mad," but then I recalled that really mad people never question whether or not they're mad. Next, I was aware of something new and strange and different from anything in my whole experience—

There was someone in that darkening room with me besides Laska, my dog. In fact, I was aware that several living, vibrant personalities were with me in that room. Laska sat up, cocked her head from side to side, and wagged her tail at some of them—at *nothing*—apparently—one of them, in particular, standing by my desk at the north end



of the room. And yet I was not in the slightest afraid. Why be afraid of our friends? . . .

In all of my life up to that time I had never seen a ghost, never had more than an academic interest in psychic phenomena. I had not invited any of these experiences that I knew of. They had simply *come* to me.

What really had happened was, *I had unlocked hidden powers within myself that I know every human being possesses, and had augmented my five physical senses with other senses just as bona fide, legitimate, and natural as touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing.* That I had help in unlocking those hidden powers I do not deny. Nevertheless, nothing had happened to me that has not happened to hundreds of other people, but only very rarely do they talk about it.

What those hidden powers are, and why I maintain that they are *bona fide*, legitimate, and natural I shall have to leave. But they had suddenly shown me that life is not at all the ordinary, humdrum, three-meals-a-day thing that I had always accepted. Its essence or its meaning is so vast and fine and high and beautiful that it overwhelmed me, and a recognition of it performed a sort of *recreation* in me that made me feel I was actually *not* the same fellow I had been just before.

My desire to explain what I mean by this is al-

most an ache within me at this moment. But, for some uncanny reason, words are not the medium to convey it. Thought doesn't convey it. Feeling doesn't convey it. The "me" that is the Bill-Pelley identity can convey it only by *being*, and the fact that I *am* gets it to you.

All I can say is, that I *know* by experience that there is a great, overpowering existence outside of what we call Life—that I have been in it and *felt* it—that having been in it has endowed me with certain capacities that have transformed my whole concept of the universe and, some of my friends are kind enough to add, have transformed me—physically as well as mentally and spiritually.

My first dramatic physical reaction was a sudden change in the components of my body. I discovered that miraculously I had lost my "nerves."

Ever since childhood I had lived under such a tremendous nervous tension that it had kept me under weight, put lines in my face and an edge on my voice, shattered me psychologically so that opposition of any kind infuriated me and made me want to crash through it like an army tank flattening out a breastworks. Attacks of nervous indigestion were so common that I no longer gave them thought.

Suddenly all this had departed.

I was peaceful inside.

And the change soon began to manifest itself in concrete form. One day in my office I took a package of cigarettes from my desk. About to apply a light to one of them, *I heard a voice say as gently as any worried mother might caution a careless son*, "Oh, Bill, give up your cigarettes!" And even before it had occurred to me that no one was present in the flesh to address me thus audibly, I answered: "All right!" and tossed the package into the near-by wastebasket. I went all that day without smoking. Next morning, again, I reached for my tobacco tin across on my desk to load up my corncob. *It was knocked from my hands with a slap that tossed it upward in the air and deposited it bottom upward at my feet with the tobacco spilled out.* No cautioning this time. But I knew!

I haven't smoked tobacco in any form from that day to the present—this after twenty years of smoking a dozen cigars a day, lighting one from the butt of the other. Moreover, I haven't had the slightest ill effect nor did I go through the agonizing torture of "breaking off." I just didn't smoke any more—didn't have the nervous urge—didn't even give tobacco a thought.

The same strange prohibition seemed to shut down on coffee, tea, alcohol, and meats. I endured not the slightest distress in giving these items up. They simply ceased to exist for me. And, in-



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versely, a strange new sensation began to manifest itself in my muscles and organs.

I had the glorious feeling of physical detachment from the handicaps of bodily matter. No form of bodily exercise seemed to take energy that I had consciously to supply. I had always been slightly stoop-shouldered. Without any unusual exercise, my spine straightened of itself, so to speak.

Along with this physical phenomenon went the unexplainable faculty of withstanding fatigue. If I wearied myself by prolonged physical labor, it was the healthy weariness of boyhood that overtook me, and a sound night's sleep wrought complete readjustment. On the other hand, I found I could sit at my typewriter twelve hours at a stretch, if necessary, with hardly a muscle protesting. I had suffered consistently from insomnia ever since a period in my twenties when I worked as police reporter on a morning newspaper. Now I went to bed and to sleep.

With this physical alteration came a different feeling toward those around me.

I discovered, for instance, that I couldn't show any more nervous bellicosity to those with whom I came daily in contact. Just before my strange experience I had made an unfortunate investment in a chain of western restaurants. Local banks and bankers had refused to come to my assistance.



Six months before I would have been so fighting mad that my loathing of "bloated capitalists who showed themselves only fair-weather friends" would have made me physically ill. But somehow, worried though I was, I hadn't the slightest ill will toward these banking people, and I went ahead and pulled my proposition out of the hole without their financial aid.

And when the situation came to the surface and others heard of the fight I was making, I was overwhelmed by their manifestations of good will and their practical assistance. For the first time in my experience people were going out of their way to perform services for me, to counsel me, to seek my society, to make me and my problems one with themselves—yes, even to offer me unsolicited loans.

I came through to New York some weeks later to mend literary fences and renew some sagging editorial acquaintances. I was not at all prepared for the attention I got. It had never happened to me before. I was utterly at a loss. I discovered that some sort of invisible wall between me and the rest of the world had been razed.

It is embarrassing to dilate on this state of affairs and the altered social relations maintaining now with friends who were formerly only acquaintances.

And yet—deep down underneath it all—from the very first I have had instinctive understanding.

And that understanding has been growing in clarity every day and hour since that epochal night in the bungalow.

What is this thing which happened to me, and why did it happen?

First, I believe my subconscious hunger after what the Bible terms "the things of the Spirit"—that is, the sincere desire to penetrate behind the mediocrity of three-meals-a-day living and ascertain what mystery lies behind this Golgotha of Existence—attracted to me spiritual forces of a very high and altruistic order, who aided me in making a hyperdimensional visitation. I believe such hunger will always attract such forces.

Second, it goes without saying that having made such a visitation and having had certain questions concretely answered by those I confronted in that dimension, my subconscious (or for that matter conscious) knowledge of what the Fourth Dimension is, and means, and what can be done within its area, undertook to operate first upon my physical body and to bring about the rejuvenation which subsequently came to me. And yet I can no more explain the Fourth Dimension with *words* than I can convey to a man blind from birth the redness of the color red. I know what it is myself, as I know what redness is. I can see how it interpenetrates Matter, constituting the "inside" of it,

so to speak, and how projections from it must come out the reverse of what we know them on the physical plane. But I can no more make it intelligible to the average reader than Einstein can explain Relativity to a group of men in a smoking car, all of them unfamiliar with advanced mathematics.

*Third, these experiences immediately revealed to me that there is a world of subliminal or spiritual existence, interpenetrating the ordinary world in which most of us exist as ordinary two-legged Americans full of aches and worries, and that this subliminal world is the real world—the world of “stern reality” if you will; that it is waiting for the race to learn of it and “tap” its beneficent resources, without waiting for what we call physical death; that our “dead” dear ones are existent in it—alive, happy, conscious, and waiting for us to join them, either at death or any time we reach that stage of spirituality where we can make contact with them.*

I have seen my own there and have visited with them!

Understand thoroughly—I am not a Spiritualist, an Occultist, or a Psychic Researcher in the ordinary meaning of those terms. I am not trying to convert anyone to anything. I'm simply telling you something that happened to me.

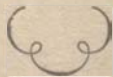
I know that for a limited time one night last year



out in California my spiritual entity left my body and went somewhere—a concrete place where I could talk, walk about, feel, and see; where answers were returned to questions addressed to physically dead people, which have checked up in the waking world and clarified for me the riddle of earthly existence.

I know there is no Death because, in a manner of speaking, I went through the process of dying, came back into my body and took up the burden of earthly living again. I know that the experience has metamorphosed the cantankerous Vermont Yankee that was once Bill Pelley, and launched him into a wholly different universe that seems filled with naught but love, harmony, health, good humor, and prosperity.

What's the answer to *that*?



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## *The Third Eye of Wisdom*

By RICHARD LYNCH

“*N*ONE are so blind as those who will not see,” runs the old adage. We all recognize the classification: those who have eyes but see not; who grope for support and stumble about, at noonday as in the twilight, because, having sight, they yet lack vision. These have made lies their refuge, and have hid behind falsehood, walking to and fro in the gloomy pall of human opinion and material belief; choosing the plane of sense delusion in preference to the freedom of spiritual reality.

A tremendous change must take place in the thought of man before he can reproduce that image and likeness which he has been taught to believe he represents. This present existence of his is the out-picturing of his past conscious thought, and he is constantly modifying his life as his ideas change. Inner inharmony must necessarily result in outer discomfort. Even the most prejudiced are coming to admit that disease is a manifestation of

an unbalanced mental state—a bodying forth of the unstable thought which is blind to the law of truth. Blindness to the true vision arises from our inheritance, through the subconscious mind, of a mass of race knowledge.

In *Mind Makes Men Giants*, which is outlined on page 95, will be found a chapter devoted to the Magic of the Subconscious. A paragraph in this chapter says:

“Tennyson speaks of man as being ‘heir to all the ages.’ That of which he is speaking is the subconscious in each of us, which has a registration, however faint, of all that the world has gone through and experienced, and which in unexpected moments surprises us with its intimations. Man is really heir to the ages in the hidden, mysterious realm of the unconscious.”

Our chief aim should be the attainment of that magic vision which, when focused on eternal realities, transforms our entire existence, and makes it a progression of successful climaxes.

We must look at life much as the trained scientist looks through his microscope. His vision is concentrated in the eye which seeks true revelation; his other organ of sight, although wide open, he makes perfectly blind to what is before it. Our daily discipline in keeping the eye single to truth, is the object of all education. As long as the vision is centered in the realm of spirit, it cannot



be blurred by the material shadows of poverty, disease and death.

Moving picture concerns have recently spent millions of dollars in constructing sound-proof stages, where nothing shall disturb the recording of talking pictures. So sensitive is the rubber recording disc that even the drop of a pin impresses its vibrations there. Many a thoughtless cough or sneeze brings severe reprimand, and sometimes curt dismissal.

This subconscious disc of ours is every bit as sensitive in recording thought vibration, and we should be far more careful in the synchronization of our subjective with the objective, than the picture director, who takes such infinite pains in making his record perfect.

For this faithful, but blindly indiscriminating servant, the subconscious mind, works after the manner of the Fates of the ancient Greeks—those three daughters of Night, Hesiod called them: Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Clotho, spinning the thread of life; Lachesis, measuring its events; and Atropos, the inflexible, cutting the thread as it culminates. As Atropos clicks her shears upon these canvases, their colors should not seem strange to us, for they have been mixed in our own consciousness; we, ourselves, hung them in the gallery of imagery, and have long been familiar with them.

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To quote again from my text-book on Psychology: "We look upon the subconscious as a powerful originating force within us, capable, when trusted, of guiding us aright, and bringing into manifestation talents that we undoubtedly possess but to which we have given little heed. We know that in idle moments knowledge springs to the foreground of the mind, that not only surprises us by its clearness and volume, but fills us with enthusiasm over its generation. We do not generally attribute it to the subconscious, but regard it as some sort of special illumination. Nevertheless, it does come up from the deep wells of consciousness lying in untroubled depths below the surface mind."

We must realize, then, how important it is to keep the vision clear, that it may record in the subconscious, only the harmony and order of the spiritual realm. For if we see truly, we must create true conditions, substantial realities; and the clearer the vision, the more perfect the record.

Each of us possesses an inner eye—an eye divine. The "third eye of wisdom," it has been called. Ancient Chinese actors painted it on the forehead as a symbol of supersight. This is the eye which, gazing through the microscope of thought, discovers wondrous things out of the law of truth. It is the eye which contacts the seemingly invisible world of spiritual reality.

In the use of his microscope, the beginner is distinguished from the trained scientist, in that he closes the eye he is not using, while his master is able to keep his open, but blinded to images falling upon it. So it may be with us as we learn to use the inner eye. If things about us stand out too distinctly; if the misery or the madness of the material world interferes with our concentrated effort to see clearly what the thought-lens is revealing, of spirit, we shall be forced to close our eyes upon that distraction. As we progress, however, this proves unnecessary. As spiritual sight grows stronger; as its revelations increase in number and in interest, we shall find ourselves, eventually, with eyes wide open to what is going on about us—perfectly able to be in, but not of, the world of matter. Like the sleep-walker mentioned in *Mind Makes Men Giants*, we may pass safely over perilous places and emerge unscathed from hazardous experiences.

Our freedom from danger lies in our ability to keep the vision focused upon eternal realities. Dire will be the consequence of letting the gaze stray outward, of allowing the attention to wander toward the husks of materiality. We are immune to the ills of poverty and failure, fear and worry, disease and death, only so long as they appear unreal to us; and nothing exposes them as shadowy unrealities save the brilliant calcium of truth. As its concentrated beam is turned upon them they melt

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away and vanish from our sight as shadows before the noonday sunlight.

We have the power of adjusting this wonder-glass through which we discern reality; the privilege of conforming its focus to that of the mental eye which seeks its clarity of perception. Are we looking for love, joy, success? We have but to vary our thought to harmonize with each of these.

Few of us have learned to make this adjustment in every department of being. Not yet have we included in our vision the complete fulness which is our inherited portion of good. One may be quite positive about his health, and utterly negative to his supply. Another may be sure of his supply, but fail to make friends, and loneliness will be his lot. Who is there who dares to be absolutely definite with regard to his health, his happiness, his supply and his success? Who has the enlarged vision which enables him to include *all things* in his itinerary of life's needs?

I recently had occasion to correct the vision of one who had set the day and hour for the annual visit of a most unpleasant malady. This irritating condition had appeared, on scheduled time, for a period of twenty years. By showing its victim how to adjust her thought-lens to the focus of spiritual health, her attention was closed to the unpleasant yearly visitor.

The son of a poor parson became a great rail-

road magnate by discerning, in the spotlight of truth, the vision of a roadbed of solid rock across Great Salt Lake. Every dollar he could obtain went to back his vision. Those who lack the pioneer spirit (and they are many) delight in holding it up to ridicule; and so they laughed and called this pioneer impractical. But on the vision of Harriman rose, not only the great road leading into the fruitful west, but some of the world's substantial fortunes.

Andrew Carnegie once gave, as the secret of his success, the fact that he saw a little sooner than most men, and that his vision was a little keener, which gave rise to a popular definition. "To see what others do not see; to see further than they see; to see before they see—this is vision."

The clear vision of Jesus was fixed upon the spiritual pattern of perfection. His thought-lens revealed the harvest in the seed, plenty where lack seemed to exist, calm in place of storm, health and life instead of disease and death. His was the enlarged vision of true insight. He comprehended the spiritual blindness which was afflicting humanity and miscreating its ills. It was always his earnest endeavor to correct the focus of the race-thought. In the light of truth he saw food for the multitude, joy for the sorrowing, life for the dead.

To most of us physical blindness suggests utter wretchedness. Throughout the ages, the cry to





away and vanish from our sight as shadows before the noonday sunlight.

We have the power of adjusting this wonder-glass through which we discern reality; the privilege of conforming its focus to that of the mental eye which seeks its clarity of perception. Are we looking for love, joy, success? We have but to vary our thought to harmonize with each of these.

Few of us have learned to make this adjustment in every department of being. Not yet have we included in our vision the complete fulness which is our inherited portion of good. One may be quite positive about his health, and utterly negative to his supply. Another may be sure of his supply, but fail to make friends, and loneliness will be his lot. Who is there who dares to be absolutely definite with regard to his health, his happiness, his supply and his success? Who has the enlarged vision which enables him to include *all things* in his itinerary of life's needs?

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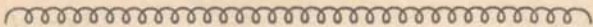


which Jesus so often responded, has re-echoed: "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" Yet the Master constantly stressed the far greater calamity of spiritual blindness. The eyes that behold evil cast a pall of darkness over the whole man and "if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

There is a blindness, then, which blesses those who practice it—the blindness which *will* not see. The blindness of love, refusing to see unworthiness; the blindness of truth to error, of health to disease, of faith to fear, of success to failure.

Universal Mind has always visioned a perfect image of man. The eye of Divinity is blind to human iniquity—too pure to behold it. To embody that perfect image of Infinite Mind is man's privilege. It requires an unfoldment of spirit dependent upon the nature and force of his thought. Keeping his eye single to perfection, through the powerful lens of ideas he may behold, in the brilliant light of truth, his own divine image.





## *Special Delivery*

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

### PROLOGUE

WHEN the Florida hurricane struck Lake Okeechobee last year, a young woman with her two children was visiting at her brother's farm near the shore of the lake.

She had known plenty of Florida storms. Ordinarily she had no fear of them. But this time a sense of impending calamity seemed to descend upon her. Over all her brother's protests and assurances, she insisted upon bundling up the two children and being driven back into the foothills a couple of miles away.

They had scarcely gotten safely away before the hurricane struck the lake and sent a tidal wave over all that shore, burying the farm under ten feet of water!

Doubtless among the hundreds caught by

that tidal wave, there were many who felt the same premonition of danger, but "laughed it off". Every man has had the feeling—fortunate are those with the good sense to heed such warnings. For they are the promptings of that Inner Self—call it the subconscious or your Double or Ka, as you like—the Inner Self which knows all things and would guide us in all things if we would but listen.

We all get that guidance so strongly at times that we cannot help hearing, but we shut our ears and refuse to listen. Like the man who, when his alarm clock goes off at 7 o'clock, buries his head under the covers and takes another nap. Then wonders why, after a few mornings, he no longer hears the alarm. Just as we wonder why we never hear the Voice promised by ISAIAH.—

"And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

We must start anew, and *cultivate* the listening attitude—then promptly *act* upon the message when it comes. —THE EDITOR.



## MEIKLEJOHN'S STORY

MEIKLEJOHN, the curate, was walking through the Jura when this thing happened to him. As a true story it stands out by the fact that there seems to have been a deliberate intention in it. It saved a life—a life the world had need of. And this singular rescue of a man of value to the best order of things makes one feel that there was some sense, even logic, in the affair.

Moreover, Meiklejohn asserts that it was the only psychic experience he ever knew. Things of the sort were not a "habit" with him. His rescue, thus, was a deliberate and very determined affair.

Meiklejohn found himself that hot August night in one of the valleys that slip like blue shadows hidden among pine-woods between the Swiss frontier and France. He had passed Ste. Croix earlier in the day; Val de Travers was his goal. But the light failed long before he reached it, and he stopped at an inn that appeared unexpectedly round a corner of the dusty road, built literally against the great cliffs that formed one wall of the valley. He was so footsore, and his knapsack so heavy, that he turned in without more ado.

Le Guillaume Tell was the name of the inn—dirty white walls, with thin, almost mangy vines

scrambling over the door. His room was sevenpence, his dinner of soup, omelette, fruit, cheese, and coffee, a franc. The prices suited his pocket and made him feel comfortable and at home. Immediately behind the hotel—the only house visible, except the sawmill across the road, rose the ever-crumbling ridges and precipices that formed the flanks of Chasseront and ran on past La Sagne towards the grey Aiguilles de Baulmes.

Through the low doorway of the inn he carried with him the strong atmosphere of thoughts that had accompanied him all day—dreams of how he intended to spend his life, plans of sacrifice and effort. For his hopes of great achievement, even then at twenty-five, were a veritable passion in him, and his desire to spend himself for humanity a devouring flame. So occupied, indeed, was his mind with the emotions belonging to this line of thinking, that he hardly noticed the singular, though exceedingly faint, sense of alarm that stirred somewhere in the depths of his being as he passed within the doorway. He remembered it a little later. The sense of danger had been touched in him. He felt at the moment only a hint of discomfort, too vague to claim definite recognition. Yet it was there—the instant he stepped within the threshold—and afterwards he distinctly recalled its sudden and unaccountable advent.

His bedroom, though stuffy, as from windows long unopened, was clean; carpetless, of course, and primitive, with white pine floor and walls, and the bed, very creaky, and very short! For Meiklejohn was well over six feet.

"I shall have to curl up, as usual, in a knot," was his reflection as he measured the bed with his eye; "though to-night I think—after my twenty miles in this air ——"

The thought refused to complete itself. He was going to add that he was tired enough to have slept on a stone floor, but for some undefined reason the same sense of alarm that had tapped him on the shoulder as he entered the inn returned now when he contemplated the bed. A sharp repugnance for that bed, as sudden and unaccountable as it was curious, swept into him—and was gone again before he had time to seize it wholly. It was in reality so slight that he dismissed it immediately as the merest fancy; then the queer feeling that, after all, perhaps, he would *not* sleep there in the end at all. How this idea came to him he never knew. He records it, however, as part of the occurrence.

After eight o'clock a few workmen from the sawmill came in to drink their red wine in the common room downstairs, to stare at the unexpected guest, and to smoke their vile tobacco. They were neither picturesque nor amusing—



simply dirty and slightly malodorous. At nine o'clock Meiklejohn knocked the ashes from his briar pipe upon the limestone window-ledge, and went upstairs. The sense of alarm had utterly disappeared; his mind was busy once more with his great dreams of the future—dreams that materialised themselves, as all the world knows, in the famous Meiklejohn Institutes. . . .

Berthoud, the proprietor, short and sturdy, with his faded brown coat and no collar, slightly confused with red wine and a "tourist" guest, showed him the way up.

"You have the corridor all to yourself," the man said; showed him the best corner of the landing to shout from in case he wanted anything—wished him good-night, and was gone.

The windows had been open now for a couple of hours, and the room smelt sweet with the odours of sawn wood and shavings, the resinous perfume of the surrounding hosts of pines, and the sharp, delicate touch of a lonely mountain valley where civilisation has not yet tainted the air. Whiffs of coarse tobacco, pungent without being offensive, came invisibly through the cracks of the floor. Primitive and simple it all was—a sort of vigorous "backwoods" atmosphere.

Out of these perfectly simple conditions, without the least apparent cause, the odd feeling again came over him that he was—in danger.

The curate was not much given to analysis. He was a man of action pure and simple, as a rule. But to-night, in spite of himself, his thoughts went plunging, searching, asking. For this singular message of dread that emanated as it were from the room, or from some article of furniture in the room perhaps—that bed still touched his mind with a peculiar repugnance—demanded somewhat insistently for an explanation. And the only explanation that suggested itself to his unimaginative mind was that the forces of nature hereabouts were—overpowering; that, after the slum streets and factory chimneys of the last twelve months, these towering cliffs and smothering pine-forests communicated to his soul a word of grandeur that amounted to awe. Inadequate and far-fetched as the explanation seems, it was the only one that occurred to him; and its value in this remarkable adventure lies in the fact that he connected his sense of danger partly with the bed and partly with the mountains.

"I felt once or twice," he said afterwards, "as though some powerful agency of a spiritual kind were all the time trying to beat into my stupid brain a message of warning." And this way of expressing it is more true and graphic than many paragraphs of attempted analysis.

Meiklejohn hung his clothes by the open window to air, washed, read his Bible, looked several

times over his shoulder without apparent cause, and then knelt down to pray. He was a devout soul; his Self lost in the yearning, young but sincere, to live for humanity. He prayed, as usual, with intense earnestness that his life might be preserved for use in the world, when in the middle of his prayer—there came a knocking at the door.

Hastily rising from his knees, he opened. The sound of rushing water filled the corridor. He heard the voices of the workmen below in the drinking-room. But only darkness stood in the passages, filling the house to the very brim. No one was there. He returned to his interrupted devotions.

"I imagined it," he said to himself. He continued his prayers, however, longer than usual. At the back of his thoughts, dim, vague, half-defined only, lay his lurking sense of uneasiness—that he was in danger. He prayed earnestly and simply, as a child might pray, for the preservation of his life. . . .

Again, just as he prepared to get into bed, came that knocking at the bedroom door. It was soft, wonderfully soft, and something within him thrilled curiously in response. He crossed the floor to open—then hesitated. Suddenly he understood that that knocking at the door was connected with the sense of danger in his heart. In the region of subtle intuitions the two were linked. With this



realisation there came over him, he declares, a singular mood in which, as in a revelation, he knew that Nature held forces that might somehow communicate directly and positively with—human beings. This thought rushed upon him out of the night, as it were. It arrested his movements. He stood there upon the bare pine boards, hesitating to open the door.

The delay thus described lasted actually only a few seconds, but in those few seconds these thoughts tore rapidly and like fire through his mind. The beauty of this lost and mysterious valley was certainly in his veins. He felt the strange presence of the encircling forests, soft and splendid, their million branches sighing in the night airs. The crying of the falling water touched him. He longed to transfer their peace and power to the hearts of suffering thousands of men and women and children. The towering precipices that literally dropped their pale walls over the roof of the inn lifted his thoughts to their own wind-swept heights; he longed to convey their message of inflexible strength to the weak-kneed folk in the slums where he worked. He was peculiarly conscious of the presence of these forces of Nature—the irresistible powers that regenerate as easily as they destroy.

All this, and far more, swept his soul like a huge

wind as he stood there, waiting to open the door in answer to that mysterious soft knocking.

And there, when at length he opened, stood the figure of a man—staring at him and smiling.

Disappointment seized him instantly. He had expected, almost believed, that he would see something un-ordinary; and instead, there stood a man who had merely mistaken the door of his room, and was now bowing his apology for the interruption. Then, to his amazement, he saw that the man beckoned: the figure was some one who sought to draw him out.

“Come with me,” it seemed to say.

But Meiklejohn only realised this afterwards, he says, when it was too late and he had already shut the door in the stranger’s face. For the man had withdrawn into the darkness a little, and the curate had taken the movement for a mere acknowledgment of his mistake instead of—as he afterwards felt—a sign that he should follow.

“And the moment the door was shut,” he says, “I felt that it would have been better for me to have gone out into the passage to see what he wanted. It came over me that the man had something important to say to me. I had missed it.”

For some seconds, it seemed, he resisted the inclination to go after him. He argued with himself; then turned to his bed, pulled back the sheets, and was met sharply again with the sense of repug-

nance, almost of fear, as before. It leaped out upon him—as though the drawing back of the blankets had set free some cold blast of wind that struck him across the face and made him shiver.

At the same moment a shadow fell from behind his shoulder and dropped across the pillow and upper half of the bed. It may, of course, have been the magnified shadow of the moth that buzzed about the pale-yellow electric light in the ceiling. He does not pretend to know. It passed swiftly, however, and was gone; and Meiklejohn, feeling less sure of himself than ever before in his life, crossed the floor quickly, almost running, and opened the door to go after the man who had knocked—twice. For in reality less than half a minute had passed since the shutting of the door and its reopening.

But the corridor was empty. He marched down the pine-board floor for some considerable distance. Below he saw the glimmer of the hall, and heard the voices of the peasants and workmen from the sawmill as they still talked and drank their red wine in the public room. That sound of falling water, as before, filled the air. Darkness reigned. But the person—the *messenger*—who had twice knocked at his door was gone utterly. . . . Presently a door opened downstairs, and the peasants clattered out noisily. He turned and went back to his room. Conquering his strange repugnance,



Meiklejohn, with a prayer on his lips, got into bed, and in less than ten minutes was sound asleep.

"I admit," he says, in telling the story, "that what happened afterwards came so swiftly and so confusingly, yet with such a storm of overwhelming conviction of its reality, that its sequence may be somewhat blurred in my memory, while, at the same time, I see it after all these years as though it was a thing of yesterday. But in my sleep, first of all, I again heard that soft, mysterious tapping—not in the course of a dream of any sort, but sudden and alone out of the dark blank of forgetfulness. I tried to wake. At first, however, the bonds of unconsciousness held me tight. I had to struggle in order to return to the waking world. There was a distinct effort before I opened my eyes; and in that slight interval I became aware that the person who had knocked at the door had meanwhile opened it and passed into the room. I had left the lock unturned. The person was close beside me in the darkness—not in utter darkness, however, for a rising three-quarter moon shed its faint silver upon the floor in patches, and, as I sprang swiftly from the bed, I noticed something alive moving towards me across the carpetless boards. Upon the edges of a patch of moonlight, where the fringe of silver and shadow mingled, it stopped. Three feet away from it I, too, stopped, shaking in every muscle. It lay there crouching

at my very feet, staring up at me. But was it man or was it animal? For at first I took it certainly for a human being on all fours; but the next moment, with a spasm of genuine terror that half stopped my breath, it was borne in upon me that the creature was—nothing human. Only in this way can I describe it. It was identical with the human figure who had knocked before and beckoned to me to follow, but it was another presentation of that figure.

“And it held (or brought, if you will) some tremendous message for me—some message of tremendous importance, I mean. The first time I had argued, resisted, refused to listen. Now it had returned in a form that ensured obedience. Some quite terrific power emanated from it—a power that I understood instinctively belonged to the mountains and the forests and the untamed elemental forces of Nature. Amazing as it may sound in cold blood, I can only say that I felt as though the towering precipices outside had sent me a direct warning—that my life was in immediate danger.

“For a space that seemed minutes, but was probably less than a few seconds, I stood there trembling on the bare boards, my eyes riveted upon the dark, uncouth shape that covered all the floor beyond. I saw no limbs or features, no suggestion of outline that I could connect with any living form I know, animate or inanimate. Yet it moved

and stirred all the time—*whirled within itself*, describes it best; and into my mind sprang a picture of an immense dark wheel, turning, spinning, whizzing so rapidly that it appears motionless, and uttering that low and ominous thunder that fills a great machinery-room of a factory. Then I thought of Ezekiel's vision of the Living Wheels. . . .

"And it must have been at this instant, I think, that the muttering and deep note that issued from it formed itself into words within me. At any rate, I heard a voice that spoke with unmistakable intelligence:

"'Come!' it said. 'Come out—at once!' And the sense of power that accompanied the Voice was so splendid that my fear vanished and I obeyed instantly without thinking more. I followed; it led. It altered in shape. The door *was* open. It ran silently in a form that was more like a stream of deep black water than anything else I can think of—out of the room, down the stairs, across the hall, and up to the deep shadows that lay against the door leading into the road. There I lost sight of it."

Meiklejohn's only desire, he says, then, was to rush after it—to escape. This he did. He understood that somehow it had passed through the door into the open air. Ten seconds later, perhaps even less, he, too, was in the open air. He acted almost



automatically; reason, reflection, logic all swept away. Nowhere, however, in the soft moonlight about him was any sign of the extraordinary apparition that had succeeded in drawing him out of the inn, out of his bedroom, out of his—bed. He stared in a dazed way at everything—just beginning to get control of his faculties a bit—wondering what in the world it all meant. That huge spinning form, he felt convinced, lay hidden somewhere close beside him, waiting for the end. The danger it had enabled him to avoid was close at hand. . . . He *knew* that, he says. . . .

There lay the meadows, touched here and there with wisps of floating mist; the stream roared and tumbled down its rocky bed to his left; across the road the sawmill lifted its skeleton-like outline, moonlight shining on the dew-covered shingles of the roof, its lower part hidden in shadow. The cold air of the valley was exquisitely scented.

To the right, where his eye next wandered, he saw the thick black woods rising round the base of the precipices that soared into the sky, sheeted with silvery moonlight. His gaze ran up them to the far ridges that seemed to push the very stars farther into the heavens. Then, as he saw those stars crowding the night, he staggered suddenly backwards, seizing the wall of the road for support, and catching his breath. For the top of the cliff, he

fancied, moved. A group of stars was for a fraction of a second—hidden. The earth—the scenery of the valley, at least—turned about him. Something prodigious was happening to the solid structure of the world. The precipices seemed to bend over upon the valley. The far, uppermost ridge of those beetling cliffs shifted downwards. Meiklejohn declares that the way its movement hid momentarily a group of stars was the most startling—for some reason horrible—thing he had ever witnessed.

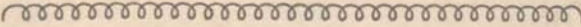
Then came the roar and crash of thunder as the mass toppled, slid, and finally—took the frightful plunge. How long the forces of rain and frost had been chiselling out the slow detachment of the giant slabs that fell, or whence came the particular extra little push that drove the entire mass out from the parent rock, no one can know. Only one thing is certain: that it was due to no chance, but to the nicely and exactly calculated results of balanced cause and effect. From the beginning of time it had been known—it might have been accurately calculated, rather—that this particular thousand tons of rock would break away from the crumbling tops of the precipices and crash downwards with the roar of many tempests into the lost and mysterious mountain valley where Meiklejohn the curate spent such and such a night of such and

such a holiday. It was just as sure as the return of Halley's comet.

"I watched it," he says, "because I couldn't do anything else. I would far rather have run—I was so frightfully close to it all—but I couldn't move a muscle. And in a few seconds it was over. A terrific wind knocked me backwards against the stone wall; there was a vast clattering of smaller stones, set rolling down the neighbouring couloirs; a steady roll of echoes ran thundering up and down the valley; and then all was still again exactly as it had been before. And the curious thing was—ascertained a little later, as you may imagine, and not at once—that the inn, being so closely built up against the cliffs, had almost entirely escaped. The great mass of rock and trees had taken a leap farther out, and filled the meadows, blocked the road, crushed the sawmill like a matchbox, and dammed up the stream; but the inn itself was almost untouched.

"Almost—for a single block of limestone, about the size of a grand piano, had dropped straight upon one corner of the roof and smashed its way through my bedroom, carrying everything it contained down to the level of the cellar, so terrific was the momentum of its crushing journey. Not a stick of the furniture was afterwards discoverable—as such. The bed seems to have been caught by the very middle of the fallen mass."





## *She Started Something!*

THE STORY OF MARY ELIZABETH

*Who was the youngest business woman in America.*

TAKE a woman raised in luxury, who knows nothing of work except the management of her servants and the care of her children—leave her suddenly destitute with three small girls to provide for—and what can she do?

That is the question many a charitable organization has puzzled its head over. That is the question to which few have found acceptable answers. But among those few, one who stands out preëminently is Mary Elizabeth Evans.

The Evans family lived in Syracuse, New York. Their grandfather had been a judge and was looked upon as a very wealthy man. Certainly he had a great deal of property, but the bulk of it consisted of a hundred small houses at one end of the city, and two or three shops. All were mortgaged to a greater or lesser extent, just as most property is

today. But in the hands of a successful business man like the grandfather, those mortgages were very easily carried.

Mary Elizabeth's father died, however, and when the grandfather in turn passed on, he left Mary Elizabeth's mother little or no cash—only this great bulk of mortgaged property which no woman, unaccustomed to business methods, could have been expected to carry. The result was that the mortgages were foreclosed, and Mrs. Evans found herself without property and with only \$300 left in the bank.

Some change, that—from a prospective heiress to a rich estate. Add to it the fact that she had three young daughters to provide for, the oldest only 14, and you can appreciate the problem that stared her in the face. That she and her girls found the solution to it so promptly and so successfully is as great a tribute to the courage and resource of American womanhood as one can find.

The oldest of the three daughters, Mary Elizabeth, had always been fond of making candy, and her delicious home-made sweets were the envy of every girl of her acquaintance. When the family fortunes reached such low ebb, the thought naturally occurred to her—if everyone loved these candies so when she served them at parties *free*, wouldn't they like them just as well if they had to pay for them? She decided to try.

But, as she wisely reasoned, the reason people had liked them so well was because they were made from the very best ingredients—the thickest cream, the best butter, fresh nuts, rich chocolate, and pure maple sugar. If they were to enjoy the candies she offered for sale, these candies must be made of just as rich ingredients, regardless of cost.

When the exchequer is down to \$300 and there's nothing more in sight, it takes courage to lay out part of that \$300 on the most expensive ingredients for an unknown market. But Mary Elizabeth made up the first pound of candy to sell, made it more carefully, more "deliciously" than any she had ever prepared for a party, and upon the box, in her own hand, she wrote—"Mary Elizabeth's home-made candy"—then sent the box to an informal gathering of grown people.

That little sample brought her orders the next day for six more boxes. And those six orders were the beginning of the Mary Elizabeth Candy Kitchen.

When she made them, she made other sample boxes to send to friends and acquaintances and social gatherings. The orders steadily grew, and with them grew her ability to handle them. Each member of the family—Mary Elizabeth, her mother, and the two younger girls—took over some allotted part of the work. Each did her best to carry out the one idea—that these candies must



be made just as they had been aforetime, when there was plenty of money, plenty of time, and only the palate and the joy of making to be considered.

With an objective such as that, business could not help but grow. The demand among friends and acquaintances became so great that Mary Elizabeth felt they should start a little store. The time of all four was so fully occupied, however, that none could be spared to attend store, so they conceived the happy idea of starting a "Help Yourself" store. A booth was set up under the stairway in the University Building in Syracuse, with this sign upon it—

"Open these doors  
Take what you will  
Leave cost of goods taken  
Make your change from my till."

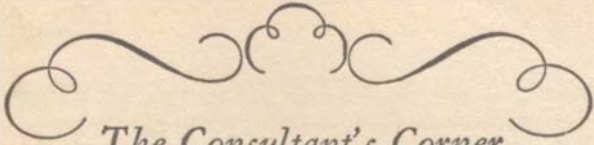
Only a child or an inexperienced business woman could show such sublime faith in people's honesty. And only one with such faith could put all people so upon their honor. The "Help Yourself" booth was an immediate success. And in all the time it ran, there was only one theft. Can greater tribute be paid to the innate honesty of human nature, or the unswerving faith of childhood? It was as fine a proof as could be asked of the old adage that "to the pure all things are pure," for no one not metic-

ulously honest herself would ever have thought of trusting so fully in the honesty of others.


Naturally, the business grew and prospered. Naturally, it moved soon to larger quarters. It was not long till the Tea Room on Fifth Avenue in New York was opened, which is now the headquarters of Mary Elizabeth's candy.

Of course, as the business grew, Mary Elizabeth could no longer continue to make the candy herself. Her time was needed for management and direction. But her guiding hand, and that of her mother and sisters, is as evident in the delicious product of today, as in the first box turned out. The kitchen is still as spotless, the ingredients as rich, and the formulas those which Mary Elizabeth and her mother and sisters have worked out.

For those who would like to emulate the wonderful work she has done, Mary Elizabeth has written a book containing these formulas, called "My Candy Secrets." If you know any woman who needs a helping hand, who has a home and children, but lacks the wherewith to support them, give her Mary Elizabeth's book. It may be the means of starting her, too, upon the road to fortune. If you know any who is discouraged, who thinks that in this hard business world there is no place for such as she, show her this story. It may open for her, too, the door of service, on the other side of which is the Land of Heart's Desire.



## *The Consultant's Corner*



### WITH THE TIDE

**Q.** I am very interested in the work you are doing, and am up against a problem which all the courses I have taken have failed to help me with.

I am a lawyer—successful in handling cases, but very unsuccessful in getting the business. Business will pass me and go to so-called lawyers who aren't fit to get into court. There is something wrong, but what is it? I work hard, know my business and am nice to people I deal with, but not many come. What can I do?

*V. A. A., St. Louis, Mo.*

**A.** There are a good many books and courses written about psychology, but the essence of it all can be brought down to four points.

First, know what you want—in your case, more practice.

Second, steep your mind in the earnest desire for more clients, with the feeling that you can give them better service, do them more of good than anyone else they can go to. That is *charging* your magnet.

Third, paint your picture. See the clients coming to you. See yourself adjusting cases wherever possible, without resort to the court. See yourself successfully trying other cases. See that picture and claim it as your own.

Fourth, get on God's side. You know how much farther and faster you can go by swimming with the tide, rather than trying to fight against it. The tide of life is with the good. Of course, there are eddies and cross currents that



seem to make life easy for the bad at times, but the great tide sweeps onward and upward. Try to identify yourself with the right. Try to take only such cases as you believe have the right of it. Try to adjust as many as possible without fighting. It may cost you money at the moment, but it will make it for you in the long run.

I recently finished a new set of seven volumes which contains my whole theory of life. If you'd like to read it, just drop the enclosed card in the mail.

#### BASIC TRUTH

Q. Are the teachings in "The Life Magnet" the same as the teachings of Christian Science? Those to whom I have given the set, and others to whom I have recommended it, have asked me this question. I cannot answer it because I am not sufficiently familiar with the teachings of Christian Science. Would appreciate it very much if you would enlighten me.

May I ask still another question? I have started to write two books on subjects I know very well, yet the writing goes so slowly that it seems almost impossible to finish them. Can you tell me where the difficulty lies?

*M. A. A., New York City.*

A. Interpretations differ so much that I find myself getting into trouble every time I try to define the difference between our teachings and those of Christian Science.

In the same mail last week I had a letter from a Christian Science practitioner in Philadelphia telling me that "The Life Magnet" books were pure truth; another one from a Christian Scientist in Boston saying almost exactly the opposite of them; and a third from a Doctor of medicine saying that he agreed with them so thoroughly that he was sending them to his son to read. It seems to

depend entirely upon the individual as to how he receives them.

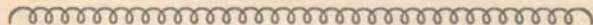
The books are not based on Christian Science, but upon the same source of instruction that Mrs. Eddy used—the scriptural writings. As I read the scriptures I see them as a book of instruction, teaching us how to become sons of God; how to grasp the dominion He has given us, and that is what I've tried to bring out in "The Life Magnet" books.

I'm working now on a series of short lectures to make this idea more practical to those who care to study further.

As to your difficulty, I should say the trouble is that you're trying too hard. What you must realize is that God is all around you trying to express Himself through you. What you have to do is—"Be still and know that I am God."

Just relax at times—relax and let the inspiration come to you without trying to draw it. Tell the Man Inside You what you want, then let him bring it to you, the while you relax in the serene confidence that it's on the way.

But when the inspiration comes, no matter if it's in the middle of a dinner party or in the middle of the night, grab it with both hands. Drop everything else and get it down, because if you don't, it frequently never comes back.



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